

MARK



SHUBERT

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THE NEXT DEADLINE FOR NEWS-
PAPER COPY IS TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1972.
ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE TYPED.

THE FEELINGS STATED IN THESE
ARTICLES ARE NOT NECESSARILY
THOSE OF THE EDITORS AND STAFF
OF MCA. EQUAL SPACE WILL BE GIVEN
TO ANY OPPOSING VIEWS AND QUERIES.

Under the aegis of Mr. Lawrence Shu-
bert Lawrence, Jr., the Shubert Theatre
in Boston has adopted the policy of
giving special student discounts to stu-
dents showing the proper identification at
the box office window.

The special reduced rate of \$3.00 for
all unsold tickets will be given students
the day of the performance for those
performances when tickets will be avail-
able. Tickets may be purchased at the
box office window from Noon for the
matinee performances and from 6:00 PM
for the evening performances.

LETTERS

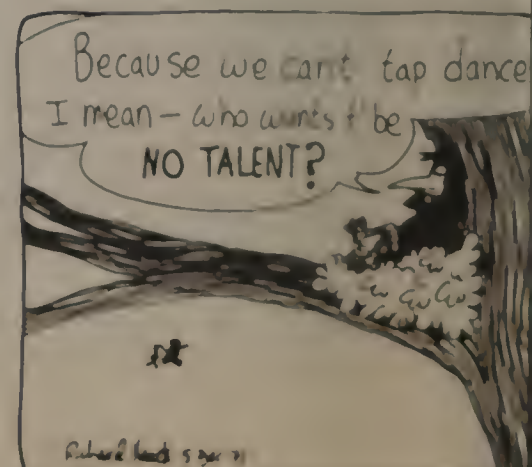
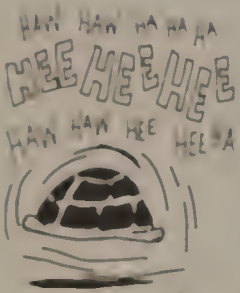
Editor: Mass. Art Community News

Sir:

Something has bothered me for many
months now. It concerns the Black Stud-
ents Union (or whatever name it goes by)
and their room on the second floor near
the graphic design rooms.

Whenever I walk by it and see Black
students congregating near it or going in
or out of it, I feel like an outsider. I feel
as if this part of the school is not for me.
I dare not go downstairs and see what's
going on.

Perhaps this is all my own state of mind
but still this is segregation and segregation
never leads to integration.



I've been at Mass. Art before — '64 — '66 and there were few Black students then. In the Navy I was appalled at the lack of blacks in my rating as a medic yet the abundance of them as cooks or worse as custodians in officer's barracks or on officer's decks.

Now I return to college and find the Black is gaining more, he is erecting his *own* ghetto and forcing the *whites* out even if by implication.

As a Mass. art student I resent this segregation in my school. If this union were an association of potters or print-makers or illustrators black and white and yellow, I would not be writing this. My comment is not on the union itself, but on the segregation by color which it implies.

I do not believe in "Black Art" or in the term the "Black Artist." I believe in Henry O. Tanner's art and Calvin Bur-

nett's art and Dana Chandler's art. But these are *American* artists. To put them in a pigeon hole as Black Artists seems to me to only regress us back to 1954, to set up a *black students* association regresses all that Blacks have fought for — namely integration and equality.

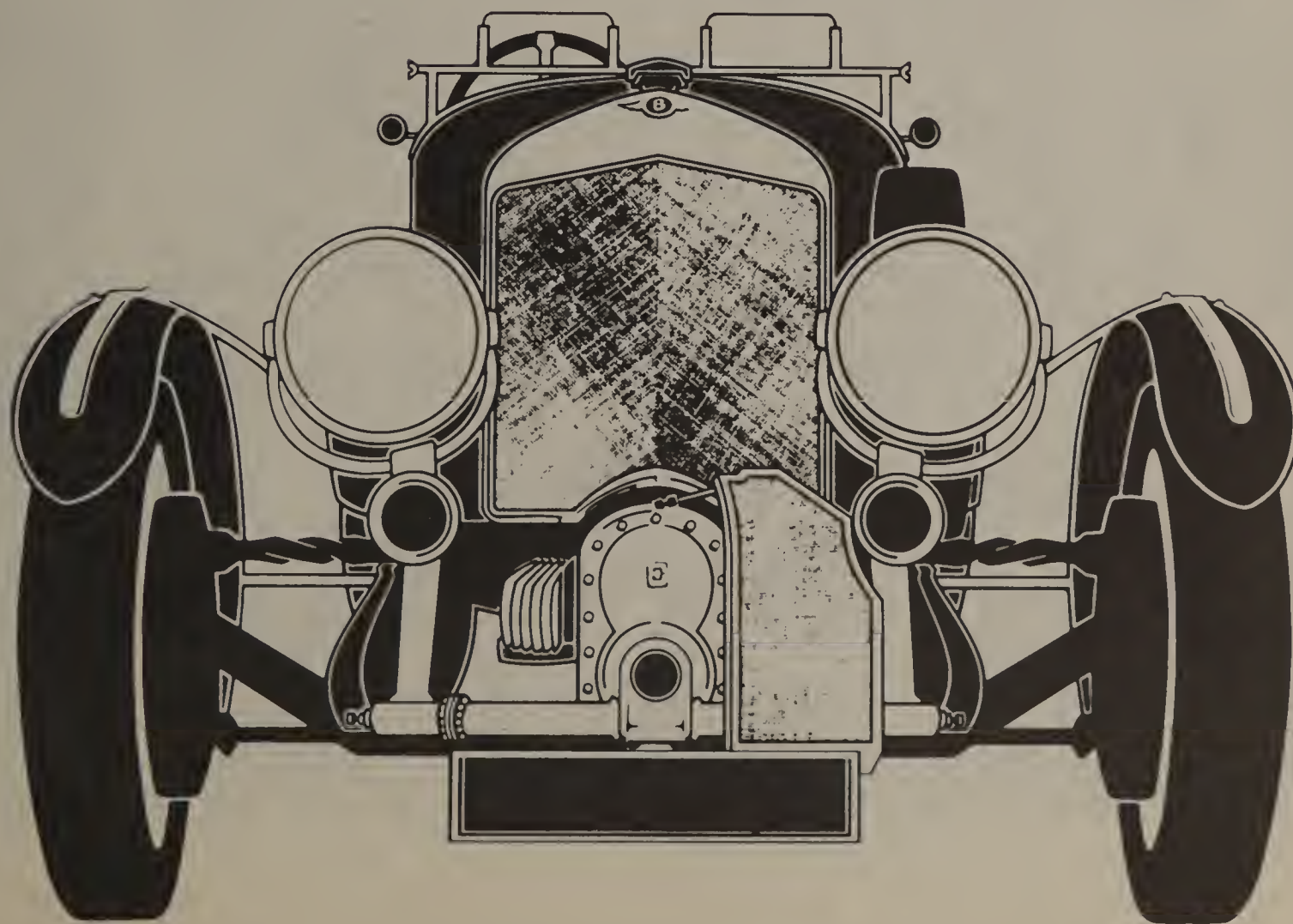
Perhaps it can be said, "Now you know how it feels, whitey." True. I know how it feels when I waited on the platform at Dudley Street Station to go to the Elma Lewis School. I know how it feels when I happened to walk in the Union room one afternoon. I was promptly shown the door — escorted even. No attempt was made to introduce me to the Union — what it's about or what they're trying to accomplish by it. (I was even asked if I went to Mass. Art) I was just told it's for their meetings. Period. This shoe on the other foot attitude does not achieve the

state of mind we need in this country — namely that the Black is a human being first. His race should not be considered. His talent and his character are his banners.

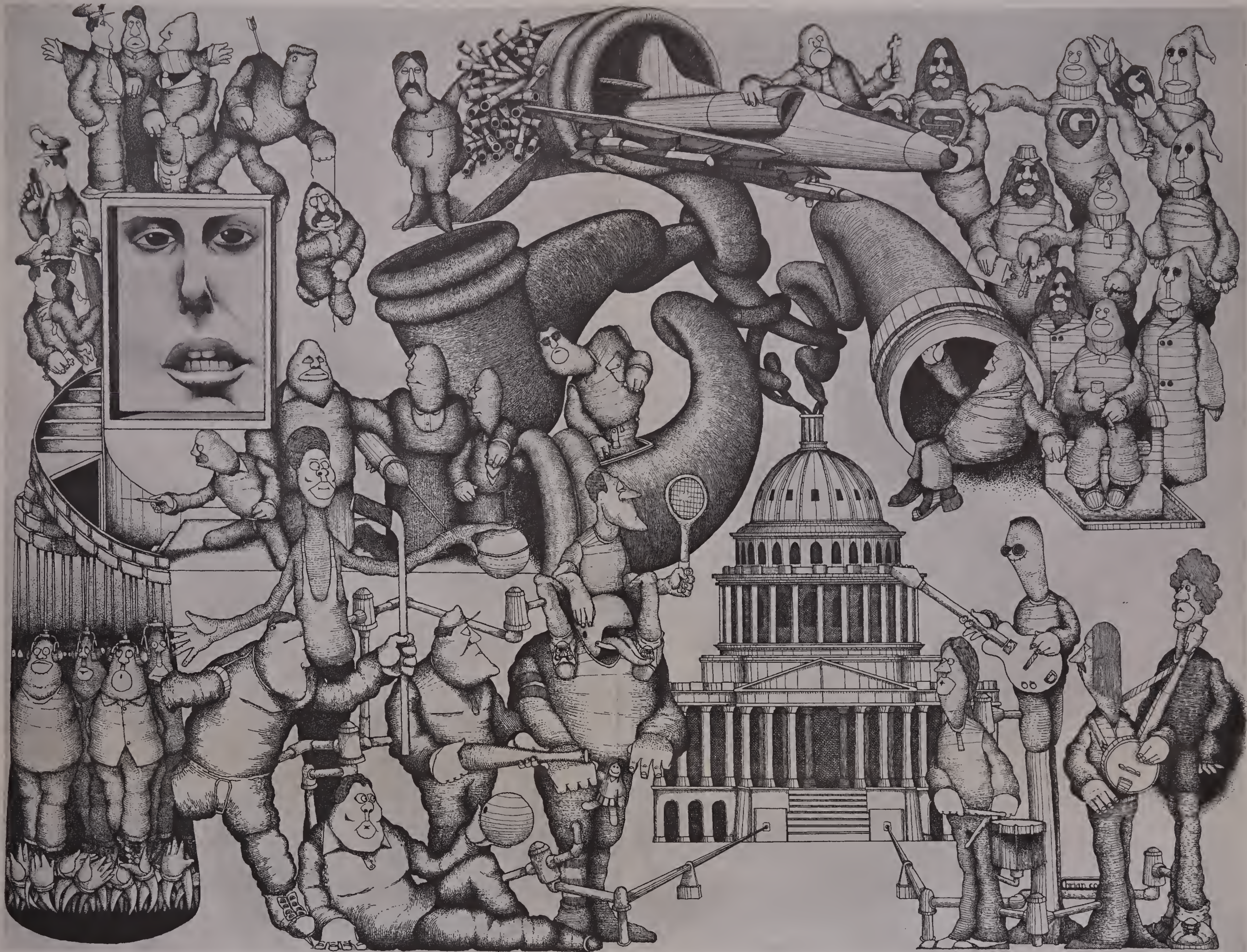
In writing all this, I know I will offend some blacks and invite racist comments. But *I DO NOT LIKE feeling an outsider in my college*. As I walk by the Black students association, I do not like feeling this sense of foreignness, this sense of being afraid to walk down and see what's going on.

Mass. College of Art is one school and should not be broken up into units according to race. True equality will *never* be achieved this way.

Richard Heath
ILLB '73



JIM BOTTS



THE DIARIES OF GOD

Cosmic Scope, Apocalyptic Vision, Relevance, and Literary Merit Provided by Eric Liberty Kimball
Sneezing Powder, Joy Buzzers, Stink Bombs, and Groucho Marx Masks Courtesy of Young Thomas Canty

Dear Diary,
What a wonderful bit of fun Binky has turned out to be! He is the most astoundingly delightful little fellow, his tiny antics keeping us all in a sustained state of helpless laughter! He is the master comic, the eternal funnyman, his mirth-filled soul requiring but the slightest of stimuli to produce his clownish wonders... and oh! what wonders they are!
At first he would do little but stomp around, ranting and raving and cursing and shouting and moaning about the meaninglessness of his existence. Oh, what great sobs he sobbed! Oh, how he clawed the earth and tore his hair! We laughed and laughed! How pathetic he looked! How filled with misery he was!
Then he began to take a more defiant stance, hurling his insults into the void, arguing long and mightily with the god he did not, never would, and never did believe to exist. Oh, how he raged and fumed! How forlorn he was! How hope-

less his state of affairs! We laughed and laughed and laughed! The sight of that gnat-like figure shaking his minuscule fist into the face of infinity would have been enough to cause even the most staid and grim to chuckle and sigh!
Then he assumed a more egocentric role. Deducing that the very fact of his existence implied that he must be a figure of some importance, for days he strutted about, his chest puffed up to impossible dimensions, the greater portion of his time spent in futile attempts to pat himself on the back. Oh, what a wonderful moment it was when, drawing himself up to his full microscopic height, with wrinkled brow and solemn eye he sought, and did so in vain, to impress upon himself the full, majestic, gloriousness of himself! We roared! And oh, how frustrated he was when he realized that never would he be able to feast his eyes upon what surely must be the most magnificent of sights — himself in profile!
It was then, when the full weight of this realization hit home, that he resumed his former ways — moaning and groaning and weeping profusely. I thought we'd never stop laughing!

Willie it was, I think, who suggested our next line of action, Summoning great storm clouds and darkening the sky over the wailing Bomlu. We began yelling things like "I am the lord thy god!" and "Thou shalt have no other gods before me!" in deep, resonant, voices. Binky must have been rather frightened, for he chose that moment to answer the calls of nature. We laughed and laughed and sent lightning streaking all around him. "I AM THE HAW HAW HAW AND THOU SHALT HAW HAW HAW BEFORE HAW HAW!" we yelled. Binky squeaked a bit and began blubbing harder than ever. "I AM HAW HAW HAW!" we screamed.
Anyway, we began making things burst into flame — rocks, trees, water — and we levelled mountains and cracked the ground, made it rain "tequila", snow cigars, Binky answering nature's calls as rapidly as we produced a new effect (and sometimes a little more rapidly, if truth be known).
Well, we grew a little weary of all this after a while, and Sam suggested that we just touch him with the lit end of a cigar and have done with it, but Willie thought that was a little "coarse" and "unbecoming of an extraterrestrial being". We tossed a few more lightning bolts at the terrified Binky, then decided to leave him

with a few edicts and laws, the obeying of which, we reasoned, would serve the dual purpose of keeping him occupied and providing us with a continued source of amusement.
Binky, grateful for the cessation of the lightning, readily accepted all of our terms (which were ridiculous) and has been all this day dividing his attentions between the reciting of prayers to us in which he thanks us for our love and mercy, and the singing of hymns to us in which he praises us for our wisdom and compassion. The tiny fool.
I am the lord thy, GOD
P.S. I neglected to mention that I took time out last week to create light — had to — couldn't see a damned thing.
copyright proceedings begun
april 22, 1972

The moon sits on the branchbark
How wonderful to be there
Knowing that blood is dampness, sweating
And you, the truest of all
Smell of wood's green things
I'd like to have the ivy off your arms,
Mushed up leaves
And toes we both know.
Take the trolley back to home
Take the trolley back to mind.
Yours is the sugar root from Earth.
The universe knows when to end.
I found you to be a summer orange green
Like a leaf in a tree
Trembling
Shaking the stem
I broke it.
The tree remains.
Looking down your kaleidoscope pathway,
The light through the tree
Is yours.

The mouth is the door to transcendence,
The asshole is the root of reality.

Trees along a sand white road
In the disappearing light of day
Giving off a uniform warmth, glow,
I see nothing and it is grey
Standing so stark and still
Beyond the binding walls of this room.
I wish I could be part of this nothing,
So quiet, so still, so standing.
Will the winning ever be so sweet as the having
S. Walsh

THE FAWN'S HEAD

As the sweat is forced from my hands
To seep into the rope they hold
The assassination is begun
And what matters the tightness about my throat

A line somewhere directed pierces me
Without even color, it compels me
It touches my eyes
It destroys the night

It is a bell tolling
Sounding through heaven and hell
I am at once in compulsion and free
At once near myself and horrified

Surrounded and stilled by blackness
It pierces through my throat
As an axis through an earth
Orbiting like a moon around itself

It is a line clear white
Like the evening star
Shining in the still morning sky
Where finally red fades to gold

Each season has answered the bells toll
Each season has intensified my senses
Each have tortured my desires with transience
Each in turn distorts guarded limits

In this freedom I escape the breath
Held in my body and weighted
To the earth leaned on by all
— Stars and constellations alike

Not as a weeping child abandoned
In a garden gone to seed by lies of other seasons
Nor as a child sleeps
Blind to the darkness around him

But like wind running across continents
Crushing ancient masks hard with fear
I cross boundaries into countries
Where thirst is stopped by the dew on the morning

The line tightly drawn in my hands
Piercing through fear
Divides nothing from itself
It encircles a new world being born every minute

Clear and without a trace
It is the flight of a bird
Golden under the sun
A phoenix free from its dead flames

Everything ignites the atmosphere
The sun fills flowers with color
The moon floats on an ocean weeping
The dust is aflame with light

The abyss is opened
Bridges crush under irredeemable tolls
And canyons gutter their silent shadows
The infinite measures my footstep

The whole of hope is emptied
Its wood splintered and torn
Has sung its last note and expired
It has ripped itself out of my heart

The abyss is the wound
Without stains of blood
Exhausted dreams without color
Thrones empty of touch

The abyss is the hollow of sound
Its voice the roll of the sea
The thunder of madness laughing
It cradles the earth in sleep

It fades in waves which beat on the tide
Rocks on the shore flooded with salt
And the pain of the womb
Weeping its song

The sweet song of longing
A brith without reason
To conquer and steal from the frost
The bright stones of innocence

Jewels tossed into the wind
Where dreams dance naked in the sun
The body of youth is assaulted by nature
And together they lust for the end

Proud love sleeping on the sheets of morning
And with blankets of clouds covering dawn
Pale ceilings and ancient columns fall out of the haze
Magnificent cities unveiled in the fog

I know the lanes bursting with sadness
And the scream of the warrior killed in battle
The perfume of flowers touching a face
The exalted city, I know the dawn

I have walked in the chambers of evening
I bathe in the waters of night
Kissed by the wings of white birds
I sit on a whispering mountain

The frost on the night is melted
I have ravaged the heart of its earth
A thief on the wing of a phoenix
I've laid salt in the chasms of heaven

My crime is committed
My cup is filled
My thirst is abandoned
What matters the death of a fawn

Secrets are sleeping in meadows
Giving their flesh to spring
God, how deafening their cry
How scarlet the sky!

Vincent Rossi